

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"WHATEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT."—Paul.

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by the Editor.

A New Year is upon us again, and before these words are read we shall have passed another mile stone in the journey of life. To all my friends far and near, in all quarters under heaven, health, happiness, and progress during the coming year! May their horizon widen and their bodily health enable them to take their share in a battle where we want all the help that we can get. I ought to know the value of health, if there be truth in the adage that we never value it till we have lost it. I have been told that the year on which we are entering is to be as prosperous as this dead year has been bad for me. All I can say is that if this be so, the old year has made the best of its opportunities, and its closing days have renewed, with a severity previously unknown, an illness from which I have hardly been free throughout its course. I am once more fighting off the enemy, but work is hard when the strength is depleted and the brain flags. This must be my excuse for adopting this means of communicating to all friends, including those who have been so kind as to send personal messages to me, my hearty good wishes. All my efforts must be concentrated on my work, and to reply personally to all letters and to write to those whom I should wish to speak with on paper would be impossible. Therefore, I trust that this means may be accepted as the only one available for me.

There is little to say about the past year. The cleavage between the various bodies that devote themselves to some line of occult studies is becoming year by year more marked. The special line that is marked out by the sub-title of this journal—"Psychical, Occult, Mystical"—has been steadily adhered to. As the organ of a Society of old Spiritualists it marks that phase of research as its chief business. As that Society, the London Spiritualist Alliance, is gradually receiving into its ranks a number of new inquirers, their needs are borne in mind. We are glad of authentic phenomena, and never refuse a record, if it be reasonably put with due regard to space. Several good narrations have been added from contemporary American journals, such, for example, as Mrs. Underwood's striking article which appeared in the last number. It has been felt desirable to widen our horizon and to show English Spiritualists what is being done in other lands. To this end a very careful *resumé* of matters of interest appearing in American and other journals is regularly given. That seems to me valuable, and entails an amount of labour that would scarcely be believed. Whatever in home and foreign journalistic and

magazine literature is of value is also carefully summarised and communicated in brief under the head of "Jottings."

As this is, in my opinion, an age of interpretation, space has been given to the philosophy of the subject. This has been a prominent characteristic in the last and some preceding volumes. And as Spiritualism, in some of its many forms, is permeating public thought, I have been careful to notice magazines (such as the great English monthlies, "The Arena," in America, and others) and bring within such scope as space permits the gist of articles of interest. The Reviews of books have been to me a most encouraging feature in the last volume of "LIGHT." When I look back over a time that may be included in but a few years, and remember that any publisher of repute and position would not dream of sending any book for notice to a Spiritualist journal, and compare the state of things now, I am thankful and content. My table is literally covered with books for review, and none passes without such notice as I can give to it. This is almost single-handed work, and I shall value efficient help. The correspondence is also full of interest. Letters of value are not sent to a paper the contents of which do not inspire respect in thinking minds. I have every reason to feel that much valuable information, comment, and criticism have been sent to the correspondence column. I must not omit to acknowledge the help that has been given me by the addresses delivered before the London Spiritualist Alliance. Nor must I pass by without special thanks help given in notices of French and German literature. This is entirely supplied by the kindness of friends.

These, I think, are the chief points characteristic of the past year's volume. There is no reason to be otherwise than content with the programme and the result. Indeed, if I am to judge by letters that reach me from all parts of the world, "LIGHT" is greatly appreciated, and that appreciation is greatest exactly where I should most value it, viz., amongst men of thought and intellect. There will be new features in the new volume. I should have been in a position to announce them but for the tiresome hindrance caused by continued ill-health. They will come in due time; and as the journal has been maintained last year in spite of obstacles due to my own health—obstacles which only the tolerant kindness of friends enabled me to cope with—so I have no doubt it will be maintained in the time to come. To that end no effort shall be wanting.

ANGEL GUIDANCE.

As one by one they enter in, and the stern portals close once more,
The halo seems to linger round those kneeling closest to the door:
The joy that lightened from that place shines still upon the watcher's face.
Complain not that the way is long—what road is weary that leads there?
But let the Angel take thy hand and lead thee up the misty stair,
And then with beating heart await the opening of the Golden Gate.

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

We confess to much perplexity on this question, especially as regards the evidence that may fairly be held to establish a presumption in favour of the claim made by a particular intelligence to a certain name. It has seemed to us wise to print such evidence as comes to us, when we are satisfied of the good faith of our correspondents, leaving the discussion of facts so communicated to a future time. In this spirit we print the "Charles Dickens" narrative and messages as we have received them from "Edina," offering no opinion at the moment, but adding them to the mass on which an opinion will eventually be formed. Our correspondent has sent us much that is already before our readers. He assures us that the medium in this case—his own afflicted daughter—is not likely to have known anything as to the facts communicated. Her affliction necessarily shuts her out from ordinary sources of information, and restricts her interest in, and acquaintance with, what might properly be assumed to be matter of common knowledge to most people. It goes without saying that these messages must be read in connection with other records already published.

We think it better to print "Edina's" narrative as it reaches us, and to add some messages received from the *soi-disant* Charles Dickens. The handwriting of the message, a specimen of which is before us, is wholly unlike that of Charles Dickens, and his fantastic signature, well known from its appearance on the cover of an edition of his works, is not imitated. Any argument from this source is excluded. It may well be, as it often probably is, that what is written through a psychographic medium shows no trace of the handwriting of the "communicator." In the very exceptional cases where a signature is reproduced, there is a special reason for so doing. As a rule automatic writing does not give us a facsimile of handwriting. In this case, a lady who is deaf and dumb would naturally live in a world of her own, and such literature as she fancied would, as it is in this case, be such as our correspondent states it to be. That is reasonable. The problem that remains for solution is why these various beings from another world should come to her, or say that they come; and what Dickens has in his mind when he takes this trouble to write what is certainly not worthy of his earthly fame. If we are to postulate a personating spirit we are confronted with another and hardly less perplexing problem.

The course we adopt seems the best. We print the records sent to us, expressing no opinion at present, and inviting the attention of our readers to what gives large opportunity for critical inquiry:—

THE CASE OF MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

PART I.

Before dealing with this somewhat puzzling and complex case, permit me to say that throughout the whole of my communications to "LIGHT" it has been my endeavour to steer clear of "great names." In the case of Dr. Livingstone, forwarded by me *velut quantum*, to the Society for Psychical Research, there was a careful statement of the whole circumstances under which the messages came, the appearance of the communicator to the medium, while we were resident in the country, and her subsequent identification of his statue in Princes-street on our return to town, as that of the "person" she had thrice seen; and, in short, the whole surrounding circumstances, leaving the question of identity quite open. The same course is followed by me in the present case of communications purporting to come from the late Charles Dickens; and here also I desire to leave the matter of identity quite open.

A further preliminary explanation is also necessary as to what was the medium's knowledge or state of mind regarding Charles Dickens, his life and works. She knows that such a distinguished author existed, and that his works are to be found on my bookshelves, but she has never to our

knowledge read a line of them, this not being the kind of literature she cares for. We have no photograph of Dickens in the house, and we do not think she ever saw one in a shop window—at least, she assures us she never did, and we quite believe it, in view of the slight interest she takes in anything of this kind. As Dickens died when the medium was three years old, you may take it as a fact that she had little or no knowledge of his life or his books. It is only necessary further to say that the kind of literature read by the medium invariably consists of ladies' magazines, "Good Words," "Sunday at Home," and light literature of that kind, easily digested and understood.

With these preliminary observations I will now deal with this case in chronological order.

About the middle of October of last year, a line was written in the medium's note-book: "Charles Dickens will come on Sunday" (October 18th). I waited for the message with some interest, but when it came it proved very uninteresting and common-place, showing no traces of individuality. A statement was made in it regarding Dickens's works, and particularly some ghost stories he had written, but there was really nothing to show that we were in communication with the great English novelist. The writer promised to come on another night, which he specified, and write some poetry. He did so, and some very beautiful and most affecting stanzas describing a death-scene in our home some time ago were automatically written. These lines, so true, so sacred, and so powerful, at once convinced us we were *en rapport* with someone far above the usual run of our correspondents from the "other side." The handwriting was the same as the first message and the signature, "Charles Dickens," was also exactly similar. The communicator again fixed a night on which he would write, and either on the evening when the poetry was written, or on the next day the medium stated to us that she saw a person in her room who designated himself "Charles Dickens." She minutely described his appearance and the clothes he wore, which she stated were slightly old-fashioned. He appeared, she said, to be rather a critical person, as he made some observations to her about the appearance and mural decoration of two of the bedrooms, and indicated a preference for the one which looked out into the street as being the most cheerful.

As identification was now of importance, on October 31st I purchased in Princes-street a cabinet photo of Mr. Dickens and took it home. Covering up the name at the foot of the photograph, we asked the medium if she knew or had seen any person like that, and the reply came at once, "That is Charles Dickens, whom I saw the other night; but he had not a velvet coat like the one in the photograph" shown to her. A night or two after, at about ten p.m., she told us that Dickens was in the dining-room, indicating the spot where he was. We put some questions to him through her as to his visits to Edinburgh, and asked if he would specify one particular friend he had here. To all of these questions he replied by saying that "he would write." These queries as yet remain unanswered. Our desire for information seems to have slightly nettled this communicator, for at the beginning of the next message he said he would endeavour to satisfy us before he had done writing, as we were evidently "an anxious-minded family."

The third message was duly written on the night promised. The caligraphy and signature were the same as the two preceding it. When I read it, it occurred to me that somewhere in Dickens's works I had seen something like it, and yet it had such an unfinished look that it was not quite what I had seen or read before. A diligent search through Dickens's Christmas stories gave me the clue, and I found that the written communication was an abbreviated and condensed version, or a partial reproduction, of "The Child's Story" which appeared in the Christmas number of "Household Words" for 1852. The narrative is kept up till near the close, and the gaps are not very apparent, till you come to compare the MS. with the original story, and then you discover how much this pretty little story is condensed. Altogether the communication is so peculiar that I have made a copy of it, and send it herewith in case you wish to print the original story and the reproduced portion of it side by side. The communicator at the close of the sitting thanked my daughter for writing so long a message, and promised to come again on a certain night and write another story; but the details of this message and what followed I leave over for discussion in another article.

JOTTINGS.

In the "Universalist Monthly" (says the "Religio-Philosophical Journal") the Rev. W. S. Crowe has a long notice of Spiritualism. It is reproduced in the "Journal," but is too long for our columns. It is certainly an able and common-sense argument. Some of the *obiter dicta* are the most important. "One would naturally expect the Evangelical churches to hail Spiritualism with rapture as the confirmation of their beliefs. The expectation, however, is doomed to disappointment. Spiritualists have no such enemies in the world as the Evangelical churches. Why? Because their communications from the other shore do not accord with traditional theology."

In the vast mass of cases they do not. In some cases they do: reflecting, perhaps, the views of earth-life, or governed by the unconscious influence of the medium. There is little doubt that some departed souls retain their opinions—Swedenborg might say under the influence of the group of spirits to which they have been attracted—long after the change they have undergone. The Catholic is still a Catholic; the Baptist a Baptist; the Freethinker a Freethinker. It is the principle long since laid down. "He that is unjust shall be unjust still: he that is filthy shall be filthy still."

But this is not the whole question. We are still very ignorant as to the influence exerted by the mind of the medium over messages given. It may be quite unconscious: it may be that the very eagerness felt to get confirmation of an opinion or belief may render the answer worthless. Nor do we know how far, in all cases, the development of the medium is sufficiently complete to render him a trustworthy vehicle. We believe that many of the inconsistencies, vagaries, and ineptitudes of communications purporting to come from the world of spirit are due to incomplete mediumship.

Once again, we do not know what difficulties communicators—to use "Edina's" convenient term—may meet with in transmitting their messages: how they may be distorted by accident. A ready analogy occurs to us in the errors that creep into print, even when it has been seen by three or four pairs of trained eyes. We write, for example, "This is a hasty remark"; it comes back to us, "This is a nasty remark." Yet the thing is a mere accident. Now, we suggest that there is no one to correct the proof of a spirit-message down here. It must go with all its defects, just as we have understood or misunderstood it.

Mr. Crowe admits the facts "if human evidence is not all untrustworthy for that order of facts." He lays stress on that "if." He also admits that the evidence would satisfy him on any other subject. "Perhaps that is prejudice, and, if so, I am ashamed of it." "I must treat the phenomena, notwithstanding my own hesitation, as real and established until disproved. This weight of the testimony shifts the responsibility of establishing a negative to the opposition." That is the fair and square utterance of an honest man. It is the strangeness of the facts—they do not hook on to any antecedent knowledge that is in most men's minds—that makes them so hard to swallow. But that strangeness is diminishing every day.

"If Spiritualism be established, then this human life of ours immediately takes on an indefinitely greater value." It does indeed. Knowledge in place of faith; certainty in place of hope. There it is in a nutshell. Huxley says that if Spiritualism could prove to him that he must live after death to listen to such twaddle as our communications, he would prefer annihilation. Well: he will not be consulted. We do not claim much when we say that the lightest trifle from beyond the tomb, if it be assured, is worth more than even he, philosopher as he is, ever wrote.

We are requested to "take notice" that the "Flaming Sword" is to be turned into a "Ploughshare (*sic*) and Pruning Hook." There is also to be a "Guiding Star." And all these are to be exponents of "Koreshanity," whatever that may mean. It is remarkable that the age that we live in produces so many cranks. It is due, no doubt, to the activity of intellect. The most cranky thing we have seen

is "The Flaming Sword," published at Chicago in "the year of Koresh 53." The amount of discredit that is brought on Spiritualism by ill-considered publications is conducive to anger.

The "Imitation of Buddha," noticed elsewhere, gives us what, with an introduction from Sir Edwin Arnold, one must regard as a kind of Buddhist Anthology. One may, for instance, read such instructive utterances as these regularly, "Lightly to laugh at and ridicule another is wrong." A good deal of friction would be saved in the world if that precept were always acted upon. But, perhaps, there would be some waste of time if such books were largely read, for they consist chiefly of platitudes: things that have been many times said.

"The New Review" has not much that is interesting to the general reader. Carlyle's "Excursion (Futile Enough) to Paris" can only be excused by his name. "The London County Council and the Tramways" is interesting. Vernon Lee on "Writers and Readers" is better. "A Study in Mental Statistics" is best, but the standard of the magazine is not maintained.

The "Arena" has a serious article by Camille Flammarion on "New Discoveries in the Heavens"; one on "Faith in God as a Personal Equation"; one on "Whittier," and other very readable articles. There is a most excellent portrait of Whittier as a frontispiece. The editor deals with the divorce question sharply. As far as our opinion is worth anything we give it. We think that all these questions should be periodically revised. We want to readjust ourselves. Sometimes it may be the last opinion that an old enactment needs no revision at all. And sometimes the people who claim the liberty of divorce are the people least worth considering.

But there are some enactments which hardly commend themselves to advanced notions. There was on the statute-book of this country an edict that priced the head of a Scotchman at tenpence. That was the price charged for that special kind of murder. We do not know whether other people were more expensive. But we have outgrown all that: and perhaps some words of the Queen as to rabbit-hunting and a little pamphlet on stag-hunting, which have been sent to us, may help us to protest against a form of fashionable brutality that shows how degraded people may be without at all knowing it.

There is, and it is right to state it, a wonderful ignorance as to Spiritualism among people who sit in judgment on it. When we talk about a tool we know something about it, or else we disguise our ignorance. When we do not know, we say nothing about it, and perhaps we are wiser than the people who write of what they know nothing about. There is a sort of rinderpest among literary persons of the lower order. They persist in writing, for what they can get, of what they know nothing about. And there they make their mistake. If they committed themselves only to what they were qualified to write on, their range might be so limited that they would not earn a large subsistence. But they should none the less earn what they can by writing on what they know something of.

"The Daily News" has an article on what it calls "The Neopsychologists"—that means Mr. Stead—and is not afraid of the "recrudescence of superstition." That is as may be. Perhaps a definition of superstition might help us. "Let it further be granted," as Euclid has it, and as "our Andrew" quotes him, that there are some people who do not know what they are talking about. A more conspicuous piece of hastily-made copy could not be conceived. "Either he lies or he is mad, or he is perilously akin to Major Weir." The writer must choose his alternative. The conundrum puzzles us.

I think that Mr. A. Major has said something in the "Agnostic Journal" which is intended to convey the idea that this journal has a part in doing or saying something which could be supposed to be or interpreted as any condonation of fraud on the part of cheating mediums. The remarks are absolutely untrue. As soon as the facts came to our knowledge we said what is on record.

SPIRITUAL EVOLUTION.

PART I.

God giveth power to every life, be it good or bad, unto each thing, according to its desire, for He Himself is All; and yet He is not called God according to every being, but according to the light wherewith He dwelleth in Himself, and shineth with His power through all His beings. He giveth in His power to all His beings and works, and each thing receiveth His power according to its property; one taketh darkness, the other light; each hunger desireth its property, and yet the whole essence or being is all God's, be it evil or good, for from Him and through Him are all things; what is not of His love, that is of His anger."—BOEHME'S "Signatura Rerum." (Chap. viii., par. 42.)

That extremes meet is an axiom verified every day, but a more striking instance of its truth could hardly perhaps be found than in the similarity of mental attitude so-called evangelical doctrines and those of Universalists* induced.

The nett result of both is jubilant confidence in a blessedness not depending on the conduct of human beings.

Many years ago an old lady, nearing death, told me that she had no kind of anxiety about her readiness for it, because she had "rolled all her sins upon her Saviour." From what I knew of her antecedents I inwardly feared that they might roll back upon her conscience with oppressive weight, when mundane spells were broken and introspective life began.

Those cheerful reasoners, who call their mode of belief Universalism, roll all apprehensions arising from sin on a still wider breadth of repose—on the irresistible power of Divine order; shifting all responsibility from man to God; they seem to wonder that other people cannot make themselves as comfortable by a close application of logic to the designs of the Most High God. The express declaration that His thoughts are not our thoughts, neither our ways His ways (Isa. lv. 8), seems to offer them no obstacle to this process: they will use the little measure of human reason for estimating infinitudes of Deific wisdom all the same. We have lately read in "LIGHT" that this new Gospel of human irresponsibility is what "the pure theologian has missed; for he fails to see that salvation is no scheme, but an absolute necessary unhinderable evolution."† It is no wonder surely that he fails to see what the whole tenor of the Bible contradicts, though here and there passages do occur which undeniably predict, the ultimate restitution of our race to lasting well-being; but at what a terrific distance from our own is the ultimatum! Setting aside the consensus of inspired men, might not the records of geological science suggest a warning to people who expect release from evil by the irresistible force of evolution? Its methods are formidable enough when good is being evolved in a terrestrial orb. Think of the long periods of glacial lifelessness, the tremendous volcanic upheavals of successive layers of soil, the recurrent cataclysms from fire and water that took place before our earth was habitable, and imagine, when all this was necessary for securing material conditions, what convulsions of a spiritual nature may be the analogous preliminaries of evolution in undying souls.

The testimony of unhappy spirits still bound to earth by the anguish of a remorseful memory, must surely have too much weight with Spiritualists to allow them to accept this misleading *jeu d'esprit* of logic, which, because God will be all in all when our solar system has collapsed and Time is at an end, cruelly foreshortens the perspective between now and then, and urges that even for guiltiness, "good will be the final goal of ill"—urges it upon us now, while on all sides the conscience is made drowsy by the asphyxia of sin, while the struggle for spiritual life amid the chaotic confusions of thought is more and more relaxed, and the sorceries of this present life obliterate anxieties about the next. I doubt the bravest Universalist assenting to the term "unhinderable evolution" when enduring, for a seeming eternity, the irrefusable wages of sin in his own nature, the will at enmity with God's order, and the heart alone, in the horrors of self-loathing, with no escape from self, for "the will cannot break, and the soul must continue in the will."‡ "All earthly food and lust passeth away at the end of days, but the will remaineth standing eternally and the desire in the will."§

* Ill-fitting names which one has to use, in default of better, to indicate people who hold a recognised set of opinions, and often characterise these by such terms.

† "LIGHT" (May 7th, 1891).

‡ Boehme's "Forty Questions." (Quest. xviii., par. 10.)

§ "Threefold Life." (Chap. xv., par. 15.)

At that stage of evolution we may be very sure the goal of evil will be undeniable torment. Nor can we suppose the despair of those who suffer it, if repentance begins to quicken, finding any solace in such a line of thought as this, "Ye must be born from above." "Such perfection of life is a debt which the All-Father owes, and which He will assuredly discharge to every-one of His children in due time."* It is not what the Father owes the child, but what the child has owed, and not paid, of obedience and love that will occupy the conscience-stricken mind when once the veil lifts.

Now we must allow that the extreme Evangelical offers to "conscious sinners" a quietus fully as stupefying as those who teach the doctrine of irresponsibility; for example, in such lines as these taken from a popular hymn:—

It is finished, yes, indeed,
Finished every jot;
Sinner, this is all you need,
Tell me, is it not?

Weary, working, burdened one,
Wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing; all was done
Long, long ago!

But there is this difference between the two dealers in spiritual narcotics—absurdly erroneous as such expressions sound, I believe those who use them are nearer to helpful ideas than they who can think of sin as a phenomenal dream,† necessarily dispersed by death, for these seem to me both to deny the real essence of sin and to have no knowledge of what human will is. The acted or worded sin might be phenomenal if act and word were not consequent on the direction of the will—and even what is aimless at the time must always be an evidence of previous, if not habitual motive; volition, however closely masked, being incessantly at work within; nor can any determination of will be without reaction on itself, because the imagination of the heart which determines it is intensified by pursuit; and its truly magical stimulus strengthens attraction to any object of desire, be it good or evil. Nothing that the will is used to seek can be easily given up; the whole bulk of spirits' communications for centuries past assures us that it is not given up when means for its exercise are withdrawn.‡

This makes sin "the sting of death," a famished will deprived of its prey.

The conversion of the will is therefore the one indispensable condition on which Evangelicals offer comfort before sinful habits are at all overcome, and anyone who is intelligently Christian will see that there is better ground for such comfort than appears on the surface, for the will must be inclined to receive salvation through Jesus Christ before the seemingly precipitate offer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus and thou shalt be saved,"§ can be accepted; and the will once converted from rebellion, all that desire to keep God's commandments and follow Christ's example can effect is potentially won.¶ The truth of sudden and real conversion is often doubted because habits of sin are known to be almost ineradicable, and the assurance given to penitents that "all their sins shall be blotted out" naturally rouses contempt in minds hostile to Christianity, yet were such sayings interpreted by a deeper knowledge of human nature, what now appears foolishness might be justified even to rational people. From what are sins to be blotted out? Not, assuredly, from the imperishable records of all that has been, but from the imagination of the heart, which must be vain and evil, until the will has turned back from alluring images of good to its divine and central magnet. It is this magic faculty which must be cleansed by "the Blood of Christ" (the highest tincture of Divine love), not only from seductive images, but from the dismaying memories of sin, which can so dominate the unconverted mind as to make reformation seem impossible; and what people suppose themselves to be they generally are in conduct. And, besides, the effect of all sinfulness is confusion: Self-hood unrecon-

* "Things to Come," (p. 6.)

† Suicides evidently believe it to be so, and as the delusion gains ground suicide must become even more common than it is.

‡ His substance is no more earthly, yet he carrieth along the earthly willing, and so plagueth and tormenteth himself therewith.—"Treatise on the Incarnation," (Part 3, chap. iv., par. 16.)

§ Acts xvi. 21.

¶ A new will is formed by the Lord, from which the will of the proprium is entirely separated.—Swedenborg's "Spiritual Diary." (Vol. iv., 4,711.)

ciled to God "loses itself in the dim anarchy of a sphere without a centre."*

The thought of a loving Saviour strongly impressed on a mind in this state is like the first distinct indication of the sun's whereabouts in a hopelessly cloudy day.]

"Thoughts upon the spirit that it may come to the will"; and "the Divine fire of the soul was through sin shut up, which none could unshut and kindle, but only the love of God in this incorporated grace covenant."† "Now, if a soul does but a little *imagine* into the love of God, the Divine life becometh stirring";‡ and if that spark of life is not quenched again by permitted sin, desire for grace and pardon will strengthen, and then all that man can do is secured; for "man hath the death in him whereby he may die unto the evil"§ and "the desire standeth in our will, but the conversion standeth in God's mercy."** [I use Boehme's words because they give my meaning better and more briefly than any others could.]

(To be continued.)

MR. STEAD'S EXPERIENCE IN PHRENOLOGY.

In his "Review of Reviews" Mr. Stead reproduces from the "Phrenological Magazine" his own experience, which is amusing enough. Thus he tells his story:—

It is ten years ago, as nearly as I can remember, when one night after dinner an editorial friend of mine began to make disparaging remarks upon my cranium. I was his guest at the time in the North of England, and his criticisms, although severe, were perfectly good-humoured.

He said: "It is a little head; it is a badly-shaped head; there is nothing to show that there is anything inside it; and altogether it is a discreditable head for any well-regulated citizen to have upon his shoulders." He was so persistent about it, and so serious withal, that I challenged him to a competitive examination of our heads the next time we were both together within range of a phrenologist; and I, for my part, expressed perfect readiness to abide by the verdict. About a year later, when the Irish Land Bill was in the throes between the House of Lords and the House of Commons, my journalistic friend called on me at Northumberland-street. I had not been twelve months in London, and was entirely unknown. When my friend appeared I reminded him of his promise, and we walked down to Ludgate-circus in search of Professor Fowler, who was to adjudicate upon the respective merits of our skulls. When we got to the Phrenological Institute the Professor was out; but Miss Fowler volunteered to act in his stead. We took chairs opposite each other, and explained the nature of our visit.

We said nothing as to our name, profession, calling, or anything else beyond the fact that my friend had abused my head and stuck to it, and that I had repelled his accusations, and that we had adjourned the case to her decision. It was agreed that she had to examine my head first, and whenever she discovered that I had an exceptionally good or bad development, she had to cross over to him and see whether he was equally blessed or cursed. For the next hour we three—Miss Fowler, my friend, and myself—laughed more heartily and continuously than we have done in the same space of time before or since. My friend was a Scotchman with a big head, and he beat me all to pieces when we came to measurement. The tape showed him to be two inches more round the head than I was. But I had my innings when it came to the analysis in detail of our phrenological developments. After about an hour of close, comparative analysis the verdict and effect was that my friend had a bigger head, but that I had a better one—better in the sense of being quicker; otherwise we were very evenly matched. It is obvious that such a comparison between the heads of total strangers, who were, however, well known to each other, and capable of testing the accuracy of each statement, whether about one or the other, was about as severe a test as could be devised by the wit of man: and I

remember to this day the wonderfully accurate fashion in which Miss Fowler hit off our respective characteristics, with a nicety which could not have been excelled if she had grown up with us from our childhood.

Another thing which struck me very much was the rapidity with which she seized the general idea of my character from an almost momentary touch. She hardly laid her hand upon my head before she began to tell me the salient outlines of my character. Afterwards, when the comparison became closer, she felt the head more closely; and it was extraordinary and, if there be no truth in phrenology, little short of miraculous, that a young lady who had never met me before, and did not know me from Adam, should have been so acute in her delineation of my character.

I remember Canon Liddon was very much struck when I told him of some of her definitions. He was especially struck by her remark that I approached the whole problem of religion from the side of sympathy with human beings, and not at all from the side of veneration or adoration of the Supreme Being.

It only remains for me to add the deductions which I draw from them. Broadly speaking, they tend to confirm my first impression that there is a good deal in phrenology, quite enough to make it well worth while for teachers and parents to submit the heads of their children to phrenological examination.

If the greatest problem in life is to find the line along which you can develop most easily the greatest capacity with the least resistance—then surely the aid of phrenology should not be ignored. Of the moral aspect of phrenology I need say nothing more than this, that like most of the modern sciences it tends towards charity.

FAITH HEALING.*

We began this novel with the languidest of languid tolerance: we read on with awakened interest: before we had got half through our interest was deep: we close it with a conviction that a better and more skilfully compacted piece of work has seldom fallen into our hands. There is a good deal of serious chaff of Christian science in the person of Eleanor Arabella Bowyer: some criticism of healing by prayer in the delightful character of Phillida Callender; and a little single protestation that "Spiritism in all its forms is passing into decay." Miss Bowyer, the author frankly admits, is not a fair type of the expounders of Christian science, though the ridiculous doctrines put into her mouth and the still more ridiculous language in which they are clothed "are taken almost verbatim from the writings" of the school of opinion that is being satirised. The book is, in essentials, a sketch of a phase of human life; very graphic and clear-cut, with that pleasant dash of American humour, not of the broad but of the subtle type, which spices every chapter. It is not any part of our intention to reveal the plot. But it is worth while to read and find it out.

"CHRISTIAN PANTHEISM."†

This purports to be a sort of catechism, or, rather notes on various topics which enter into the consideration of religious teaching, and some of which, it may be added, do not. The writer is the Rev. G. E. Commerford Casey, and the notes were originally drawn up for the use of his children and subsequently amplified into their present form. To what Church or denomination the reverend gentleman belongs does not appear. As he dates from Nice, he is probably without cure. Certainly he could not teach as he does in any Christian Church known to us. Yet there are in his little book instructive remarks, but they are not those of the essence of the system (if it may be so called) which he seeks to expound. We have a good deal of solar myth: much explaining away of what most of us consider plain truths by a non-natural interpretation, and little that is really tangible. As a provocative to thought—which will often be antagonistic—it may serve; for anything is better than stagnation. But its value is very slight. The chapter on "Mesmerism, Spiritism, &c.," is the most puerile we have yet seen.

* T. Lake Harris's "Introduction to Arcana of Christianity" (p. 18).

† Anyone possessing Boehme's "Treatise on the Incarnation" will find in Part I, chap. v., para. 124, 125, 126, what is well worth reading on this point.

‡ "Threefold Life." (Chap. iv., par. 82.)

§ "Treatise on Baptism." (Chap. ii., par. 9.)

|| "First Apology." (Part 2, par. 553.)

¶ "Second Apology" to Tilken. Part 1, par. 109.

** "Signatura Rerum." (Chap. xvi., par. 28.)

* "The Faith Doctor." By Ed. EGLESTON. (Cassells. 1891.) Price 7s. 6d.

† "The Broad Churchman." One shilling. (Printed for the author by Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 1891.)

OFFICE OF "LIGHT."
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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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Light:

EDITED BY W. STANTON-MOSES.

["M. A. (OXON.) "]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2nd, 1892.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects good and desirable. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. E. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to the Editor.

THE VOICE OF THE FLYING YEARS.

By "M.A. (OXON.)"

The new sun rose bringing the New Year.
—*Passing of Arthur.*

The days will grow to weeks, the weeks to months.
The months will add themselves and make the years.
The years will roll into the centuries,
And mine will ever be a name of—

—*Guinevere.*

Hearst thou this great Voice that shakes the world,
And wastes the narrow realm whereon we move,
And beats upon the faces of the dead?

—*Passing of Arthur.*

I had sworn I saw
That which I saw; but what I saw was veiled
And covered; and this quest was not for me.
If God would send the Vision, well: if not,
The quest and he were in the hands of Heaven.

—*The Holy Grail.*

Fast
To where beyond these Voices there is Peace,
—*Guinevere.*

The passages from the "Idylls of the King," which I have prefixed to this article, are an epitome of our position as we stand on the threshold while the new sun brings in the new year. For, since we, Spiritualists, have concerned ourselves with the open Vision, sent of God, days have grown to weeks, and months, and years. Many of us have testified that which we do know, have sworn to that which we have seen, even though the interpretation was "veiled and covered." We have at times fancied that the search into the meaning of hidden mysteries was not for us, and have been disposed to leave ourselves and it in the hands of Heaven.

And still the years roll by. Before the last of them in this phase of endless life is unrolled, and we pass "to where beyond these Voices there is Peace," we seem to hear, if we do not heed, a Voice that cries:—

Hearst thou this great Voice that shakes the world,
And beats upon the faces of the dead?

I aim to do no more than strike a key note for the coming year. Retrospect is well: such of us as are wise have taken their backward glance. It is now time to look forward to that vision "veiled and covered" and seek its meaning. For, if I am not much mistaken, Spiritualism is entering or has entered on a new epoch of development. For twenty years we have contended, a small but determined band, for the reality of those things that we have seen. Strong in the conviction drawn from reiterated evidence we have sworn that "we saw that which we saw." We have not been shaken by contumely or ridicule. We have not disowned the riches we have gathered because base coin has been uttered. The

trumpet-blast of Science has not scared us. The denunciations of the Priest, scorning his best ally, have not deterred us. It has been an uphill fight.

And now we have lived to see men of Science buying themselves with what they before despised. We have seen a great Society, composed largely of men who by ability and position have the ear of the world, systematically investigating what, if their predecessors knew what they were saying, ought to be dead and buried long ago. We have the intelligent Press on our side: we find Spiritualism permeating literature. Fraud hides its head—the foes that were of our own household are silenced. The churches alone remain aloof with their unprogressive *non possumus*—and they not altogether. "The Voice that beats upon the faces of the dead" triumphs all along the line, in the beating down of obstacles and in the winning of acceptance for that which has been rejected and despised.

This is the position. What of the future? A few plain duties and obligations. What has been won has been gained by patient effort, steady perseverance, and obstinate determination. The position must be maintained by the same qualities spread over a larger area. Where a few have fought and won, surely increased and united efforts may utilise the victory and enhance its results. We ought to have regular and solid organisation. I have convinced myself, however reluctantly, that we cannot yet have it. Then we must increase our band of workers, and steadily devote ourselves to our own special work. The great field of research is being tilled by many workers, all of whom meet in these columns on a common ground of acceptance. But we Spiritualists have our own special *raison d'être*. It is ours to vindicate the great truth of the survival of the individuality after death, and the communion between the two worlds.

This enlarged sphere of work entails the abandonment of apathy. We must have energy, zeal, and self-denial. No cause has ever been won without these virtues: none will ever be maintained in their default. We sadly lack them: we badly want them. Will they be forthcoming? If so, the future is assured: if not, the handwriting will soon be seen upon the wall and another generation will mourn the lost opportunities which have slipped through the fingers of its predecessors.

The especial work which this journal attempts I have indicated in my "Notes by the Way." In most of these departments there is room for aid. Only by division of labour can the work be done as it ought to be, for it has grown beyond the power of one pair of enfeebled hands, past the reach of one whose spirit is willing but whose flesh is weak. "Come over and help us."

I could say much more, but I have said it so often that there is no need. For me, and I am careful to speak for myself, this is the age of interpretation. This is not to exclude any other phase, for the readers of "LIGHT" are infinitely various and I try to cater for the most divergent forms of thought. We cannot all think alike, but we can tolerate each other's opinions and even learn from our neighbour if we are wise. There is a germ of truth in all, and my chief duty as Editor (so I conceive of it) I may sum up in one word—"Reconciler."

DEMISE OF MRS. T. H. EDMANDS.

As we go to press we receive the sad news of the removal from earth-life of Mrs. T. H. Edmunds. The fell disease—cancer—so largely on the increase among us, has removed one who will be greatly mourned. Her sufferings were comparatively slight, and she passed away in sleep. The knowledge that she possessed was to her a source of untold comfort, as it is to her sorrowing husband in his bereavement. Many readers will join with us in sympathy.

SOME MAGAZINES.

"THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

There are some passages in the current number which concern matter that has been discussed in this journal, and these we think it well to reproduce with some abbreviation.

Respecting the Mattei Cancer test :—

In this rapid survey of the activities which more or less centre in the "Review," it would be unpardonable to omit any mention of the effort that is being made to test the efficacy of the Mattei remedies as a cure for cancer. Lady Paget having declared in the "National Review" that the Mattei remedies cured cancer, and Mrs. Booth having assured me on her deathbed that she was dying because she had not stuck to the Mattei treatment, it was deemed desirable to subject the remedies to the severest scientific test. Seeking counsel of Professor Huxley, who defined the nature of the experiment which he would regard as conclusive, I was fortunate enough to be able to secure the formation of a small but influential committee of medical men, under the presidency of Sir Morell Mackenzie, who undertook to subject five selected test cases to a crucial experiment. That experiment is still in progress.

To subject such claims to a patient and scientific examination is no doubt a great advertisement for the remedies with which the experiment is made, but in this case I rejoice to know that Count Mattei has promised that all the profits arising from the increased sale of his remedies throughout the English-speaking world shall be devoted to objects of public utility.

And respecting the Ghosts :—

There remains to be noticed, in conclusion, the extension of the range of the subjects with which the "Review" is practically concerned to the other side of the grave. If, as some of the ablest scientists of the day believe, it be possible to secure a scientific demonstration of the persistence of the personality of man after death, then it is impossible for a Review such as this to exclude the phenomena which establish so tremendous a proposition from the calm, clear, and searching light of scientific observation. It may be said that there is nothing new in this. It is as old as the world and the nature of man. It is not left to this generation to bring life and immortality to light. But all our truths need from time to time to be re-discovered, as it were, and verified afresh for each succeeding generation. And not even the most carping critic of our "Real Ghost Stories" will deny the immense importance which such an inquiry would possess if it established on scientific foundations that for the human soul there is no death.

As to his "Real Ghost Stories" Mr. Stead quotes our appreciative criticism. He tells us that the whole 100,000 copies were sold out within two days of publication, and that the public and the trade clamoured in vain for more. He announces "More Ghost Stories" for the first week of the year, containing articles on haunted houses, the photographing of ghosts, &c. We are sorry to find that the edition will again be limited. Our readers should order at once.

For the rest we have "Mark Twain: how he Discovered Telepathy": Mr. Stead's experience in Phrenology, from the "Phrenological Magazine," of which we make use elsewhere: the usual character sketch, Sir J. Gorst: and the Book of the Month, Lord Rosebery's Pitt.

"THE VICTORIAN MAGAZINE."

The first number of a new sixpenny calls for some notice. It is good in size, larger than the usual magazines such as the "Cornhill" or the average monthly. It is well printed on good paper with clear type. The illustrations are full-page and most are really good. Mrs. Oliphant commences a serial story, "The Cuckoo in the Nest." There is a good account of insect-eating plants, most quaint in form, as shown in the illustrations which accompany the text. Professor Church, an adept in such subjects, gives the story, Demoleon and Arlystoné. Charles Leland (Hans Breitmann) discusses Folk-Lore, and Sarah Tytler, Marie Antoinette. Mrs. Brotherton sends two contributions, one in verse and the other in prose. The poetry relates an incident in the Franco-German war. A German lad and a Frenchman awaited in a German

ambulance "the terrible knife and saw"; only one dose of anæsthetic was left and they were to draw lots for it :—

"Give it to him, Herr Doctor,"
Said the noble German lad,
"It's harder for him to die,
Because we have won the day."

If only he might sing :—

"I think I should bear it better—
And you'll give the stuff to him."
So he sang "Die Wacht am Rhein"
While the surgeon hew'd his limb.
And the grand, young, fainting voice
Sang on—sang on—sang on—
Died not till the hero died,
His splendid victory won.

Mrs. Brotherton's prose story is "My Landlady's Ghost": and the music is a setting by W. Augustus Barratt of some words of Shelley.

"HARPER'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER."

It is a bright, brisk number, such as we are accustomed to look for; beautifully illustrated, and of a size that makes one wonder. Every variety of taste can find here something to gratify it. Are you fond of the old masters? The article on The Annunciation gives eleven beautiful illustrations. Fond of dainty illustrations of to-day? Here is a Musical Pastoral, "The Lay of the Little Maid," very enticing. Or do you yearn after the Red Indian? "Chartering a Nation" has some wonderful illustrations of the Indian in the strange and graceful attitudes that he affects, curvetting on his horse, prancing, dancing war dance and clan dance. If you like a good story Thos. Bailey Aldridge supplies it in "My Cousin the Colonel." The list of good things is interminable; but what is most in our line is Mark Twain on "Mental Telegraphy," new-called Telepathy. The article was written sixteen or seventeen years ago. Mark Twain was anxious to publish it anonymously, for it would have been regarded as a huge joke if he fathered it. Editors did regard it as a joke and refused to print it without his name. So he laid it aside, and now that the world has advanced he is able to print his experiences without fear of being thought to be farcing after his manner.

It is a remarkable article, and we cannot do more than pick a single plum from it, the most remarkable that it contains. After recording several cases which might have been classed with those which we published some time since as "Coincidences" and "Psychical Problems"; and dwelling a good deal on impressions and such convictions, e.g., the crossing of letters dealing with the same subject between two correspondents, this remarkable story is recorded :—

Two or three years ago I was lying in bed, idly musing, one morning—it was the 2nd of March—when suddenly a red-hot new idea came whistling down into my camp. This idea, stated in simple phrase, was that the time was ripe and the market ready for a certain book—a book which ought to be written at once—a book which must command attention and be of peculiar interest: to wit, a book about the Nevada silver mines. The "Great Bonanza" was a new wonder then, and everybody was talking about it. It seemed to me that the person best qualified to write this book was Mr. William H. Wright, a journalist of Virginia, Nevada, by whose side I had scribbled many months when I was a reporter there ten or twelve years before. He might be alive still; he might be dead; I could not tell; but I would write him anyhow. I began by merely and modestly suggesting that he make such a book; but my interest grew as I went on, and I ventured to map out what I thought ought to be the plan of the work, he being an old friend, and not given to taking good intentions for ill. I even dealt with details, and suggested the order and sequence which they should follow. I was about to put the manuscript in an envelope, when the thought occurred to me that if this book should be written at my suggestion, and then no publisher happened to want it, I should feel uncomfortable; so I concluded to keep my letter back until I should have secured a publisher. I pigeon-holed my document, and dropped a note to my own publisher, asking him to name a day for a business consultation. He was out of town on a far journey. My note remained unanswered, and at the end of three or four days the whole matter had passed out of my mind. On the 9th of March the postman brought three

or four letters, and among them a thick one whose superscription was in a hand which seemed dimly familiar to me. I could not "place" it at first, but presently I succeeded. Then I said to a visiting relative who was present:—

"Now I will do a miracle. I will tell you everything this letter contains—date, signature, and all—without breaking the seal. It is from a Mr. Wright, of Virginia, Nevada, and is dated the 2nd of March—seven days ago. Mr. Wright proposes to make a book about the silver mines and the great Bonanza, and asks what I, as a friend, think of the idea. He says his subjects are to be so and so, their order and sequence so and so, and he will close with a history of the chief feature of the book, the Great Bonanza."

I opened the letter, and showed that I had stated the date and the contents correctly. Mr. Wright's letter simply contained what my own letter, written on the same date, contained, and mine still lay in its pigeon-hole, where it had been lying during the seven days since it was written.

Necessarily this could not come by accident; such elaborate accidents cannot happen. Chance might have duplicated one or two of the details, but she would have broken down on the rest. He had had his book in his mind some time; consequently he, and not I, had originated the idea of it. The subject was entirely foreign to my thoughts; I was wholly absorbed in other things. Yet this friend, whom I had not seen and had hardly thought of for eleven years, was able to shoot his thoughts at me across three thousand miles of country, and fill my head with them, to the exclusion of every other interest, in a single moment. He had begun his letter after finishing his work on the morning paper—a little after three o'clock, he said. When it was three in Nevada it was six in Hartford.

Mark Twain could not write anything without dressing it: but, if the bare facts are true, it is a very singular recital: albeit only one of many gathered by the Society for Psychical Research and ourselves.

Mark Twain's postscript, written fourteen years after the body of his article, mentions the probability of there being a thought-atmosphere surrounding this world in which ideas are circulated and find hospitality in receptive minds. It is an idea that has been often broached, and it more or less completely explains many puzzling facts.

The article is in the direction of investigating the powers of our own souls, a sphere of inquiry in which the Society for Psychical Research have done so much. It has always seemed to me a most important half of that which is roughly classed under the name of Spiritualism, the most important half being that to which the London Spiritualist Alliance specially devotes itself. Each meets on a common ground in "LIGHT," which includes all divisions and sub divisions of a great subject.

"LUCIFER."

There are many interesting articles in the current number. "A Bewitched Life" is a story by H.P.B., that originally appeared in the "Theosophist," and was revised by the writer before her departure. The first instalment of Mr. W. Kingsland's "Septenary in Nature;" "Karma and Reincarnation;" Mr. Mead's "Plutarch's Yogi"—all set forth various views of Theosophical doctrine. Mr. Corin's "Postulates of Theosophy" should not be forgotten: nor E.K.'s notice of Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden's "Existence: as Pleasure, Pain, and Love."

"PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL."

The December number contains a good portrait of Sir Edwin Arnold, the man of the hour in his own line: of Baron Hirsch, the man of the hour in his. There is an article on the Burial Customs of Ancient Syria. The bulk of the magazine is taken up with a voluminous report of the supper of the alumni (why not students?) of the Phrenological Institute. The speeches are good—Americans are to the manner born—but are, perhaps, hardly worth the space allotted to them. The magazine is procurable from L. N. Fowler, Imperial Buildings, E.C.

MAN! wouldst thou look on God, in Heaven or while yet here, Thy heart must first of all become a mirror clear.

—ANGELUS SILESIVS.

NOTES FROM MY SPIRITUAL DIARY.

BY F. J. THEOBALD.

PART XVI.

FRESH ARRIVALS.

[The Christmas following I was spending with my brother, W. T. We sat *en séance*, on Christmas Eve. Weather very severe. On taking the pencil, not expecting to be able to receive anything, our grandpapa, Rev. Stephen Morell, wrote:—]

"We come with great difficulty, for the air-atmosphere of your earth is a great hindrance to your medial power. Not with us, but to get through you during this icy cold and foggy season, is hard. But it is seemly for us to come to greet you at the close of another year. These marks of Time in the Battle of Life, coming to you, with the universal feeling of joy and greeting, are, as it were, but echoes from us here. With you much is mixed of great sadness, grief, sorrow. The parting with dear ones, whilst quite knowing it is best for them, still brings a sting of sorrow. Thus it is that Death's sting must remain to do its good to you all."

[Here the influence changed, and a young cousin who had recently passed away, continued, without a pause:—]

"But oh! So soon to be replaced by the Joy-Bells which resound on all sides. And from my glorious spirit-home, how gladly do I join with you all, in ringing out the Old Year and ringing in the New.

"Oh, dear! I have much, much, I wish I could tell you, from this fresh and most lovely standpoint. How I rejoice to have gained it. You cannot imagine what a welcome I had! I was quite puzzled at first, because I did not think I was coming so soon. I began to fancy I should not get well, but oh! we really ought to leave our future in the hands of God the Father. Why, He knew how terrible it would have been for me to have lingered on! . . . He knew, and so He took me away, and I am so happy! The music of the spheres! How glorious! How divine!"

[Some months passed, and then one whom I will call D. M. went to join our spirit group. For some time previous to his removal he had suffered from the result of brain-fag, and it was difficult at times to know how far D. M. was conscious of what was going on around him. He was evidently, as he frequently expressed himself on his first arrival in the spirit home, "in a maze." A few extracts from some of his early communications I will copy.

It was very shortly after he had passed away that one of my young relatives saw him. She was practising music (an occupation well calculated to attract D. M.), when on looking round she saw him sitting in a characteristically easy fashion on one of the chairs. He smiled, looked very happy, but did not speak. On the following evening we sat *en séance*, and were surprised to receive a message from him. Surprised only, because of the short time that had elapsed since he had left us. But this might be better understood by recalling a reference to D. M., which the young cousin had made some months before. He then said:—]

"Dear D. M. is coming. He is often here when he is asleep on your earth. And he is often more with us. Yes; he is very near his spirit home, and really how glad you, and we, shall be! How delightful for the dear good fellow to begin to live—again! Bless you, It is good, indeed it is."

[And so indeed did he find it, for thus D. M. wrote:—]

"Yes, indeed! The exchange is glorious!—glorious! And now I can say from knowledge what I have long believed with fear and trembling uncertainty, being partly enveloped in the philosophical tendencies of my nature. Now I know, for I myself am in truth a spirit! and I find I am with you as fully, as surely, as ever I was in the body, and far, far more than I have been for—I scarcely know how long! Ah! I have been long in a maze; but now all has cleared, and as from a sad and weary dream, I arouse to bright, glorious Light, and Life, and Health! I find my dearly-loved E. . . . My father, my mother, my lost brothers and sisters! I find I am in a glorious home. I foresee that very soon I shall be in the full swing of healthy work. I see I shall be able to carry out all my spirit's desires. I shall be able to fathom the philosophical and scientific mysteries that I was involved in during my life on your earth." . . . You see these little matters do still interest me, but my most glorious interest is in the wonderful clearing up of my brain-fag. I feel in a muddle somewhat as to the last few months

—or is it years?—of my life! I only knew I was bewildered! I suffered at times, but I saw my father and others of my group in my room, oftener than I told.

"I want to learn more, to teach you all, what I am finding out. I see it, as an endless and most glorious vista before me. I rejoice! I rejoice! I cannot express, or explain!" . . .

[On another occasion the same spirit continues:—]

"I feel drawn two ways, for I am so happy in seeing you all, and knowing how true your love is for me; and am thankful that Spiritualism is so grand, so truly comforting. I wish all of you (I mean . . . and . . .) could feel as you do.

"I am so happy in walking about my spirit home—in reaching out to the extent of my spirit's powers; for the many who passed on those years ago have advanced—so I stretch out to them, and they draw me on. . . .

"Now this is one of the mystical spiritual conditions I must learn about, and teach you, if I can; for it is a grand subject, the opening out into the larger expansions of spirit-life! . . . Already I find how difficult it is to put into proper words or expressions the experiences of one, like myself—just freshly launched out of the body-prison into what you most wisely speak of, as the Higher, Fuller Life!

That is so! and I am at times mazed, and have to gather myself up, as it were, and wonder at the transition from my weary sick-room into this fulness of joy.

"Much do I long to take in!

"It is well for me to come into your midst awhile. It helps me to look at all things on your side, and then see the contrast.

"I see however the value of life on earth. I see it was needful and well for me to have gone through—I scarcely know what—of late months!—but it was wise training, and had I come earlier I should have missed great good. . . . I greatly wish that my interest and belief in Spiritualism should be made known. Never mind if there is prejudice in some quarters. Let that be faced and conquered. But I know that my feelings on the subject will help the decision of many who loved me."

[Just now the power was failing, and the spirit wrote on, slowly:—]

"Now I see one of the mysteries of the spirit power of writing—that is, I see what you mean by 'power going'—it's just gone now—so God be with you all, and bring His Help.—Your loving . . .

"How much I long to say!"

[A few days afterwards I felt D.'s spirit presence, and taking pencil, asked if he would, as clearly as possible, explain what it was he saw when the power was going. Very quickly he wrote:—]

MEDIUMISTIC AURA.

"The spiritual, as distinct from material substances, or essences, are most difficult to explain, because though I will try to tell you what I can as to what I saw about you as the power declined, yet, what will be the result? Just mystifying the mystery! I shall tell you of 'Aura.' That word 'Aura' explains nothing; because, What is Aura? is the next question.

"However, when I use you to write I find you enveloped in a fine diaphanous cloud of atmosphere, or 'Aura.'

"The spirits around say I ought to say 'Aura,' so let it stand. This Aura is not the same as is around most others as they go on in their daily duties, and in this lies the distinction between mediumistic conditions and more ordinary ones.

"The mediumistic Aura is what is used up by the spirit who is communicating. The two Auras mingle. Thus, if a loved one, as I am to you, is here, the Aura is pale blue.

"We spirits focus the Aura, and as it were, send it in a stream, more or less powerful, down your arm, and so on to the moving of your hand to write. When this is used up your sphere is changed, the diaphanous cloud is used up, and the ordinary Aura is replaced. But the cause of the exhaustion apt to follow the too constant use of medial power is brought by the very using up of this power, which contains the best essence of your spirit-life. Now, how can I put it more clearly? and yet this is not by any means the good expression and explanation I should like to give. If I can another time be clearer I will write again, but for the present let that go.

"I am so much interested in seeking into the mystery of this opening up of communicating power between the two worlds. But these two worlds are really one; like a nut, with its kernel and shell. That is all I can now say. . . . —Your loving . . . D. . . .

"Power gone! No more Aura!"

[On another occasion D. writes:—]

"So much I want to say to you all, dear F. So much that I have already learnt—or let me rather say—had revealed to me.

"But the difficulty of finding suitable words, or Imageries wherewith to teach you what I want to, is very nearly insuperable.

"Nothing can be more absolutely real, true, grand, than this spirit home, and the wonderful expansion of spirit life, which is the result of the mere shaking off of the bodily prison. The body is a necessary tabernacle, or clothing, for the immortal spirit to use whilst in the material sphere. This is self-evident. But if people would but realise more fully the need of living up to their very highest power in harmony with the spirit world which envelopes them, then would Heaven be sooner on earth, or in earth. . . . What can I tell you now? I bring to you all glad tidings of the joy in which we, your loved ones, live, and how truly it adds to my happiness, and therefore to the happiness of us all, to come and enter into your lives, and be with you. It does not at all hinder our joy, for it really belongs to the training of the spirit.

"No spirit on first leaving the body would be happy and feel free if not able to look at the old scenes and visit the old friends! True, we grieve when we see inconsolable grief; but we see the need for that training, and can acquiesce in the Divine decree which has appointed for each one to dwell in the Valley of the Shadow, before reaching its fuller life."

[Some little time passed, and although I was continually conscious of "D.'s" spirit presence, I could get no communication, until at last he wrote:—]

"Well, F., I have not been able to get at you to write although I could see you knew of my purpose to do so the first chance; and so another of the details of spirit intercourse—small, worth nothing—has cropped up.

"Now, I can only say that the Aura that I have to use was there around you; that you were *en rapport* enough, but the surroundings of your life, so busy and so over-strained for your limited physical power, just caused the Aura to be in a ferment! all ripply; and so I could not get the wave-current steady either to your brain or hand. . . . Ah, how much I have to learn! Who by searching can find out God? More and more do I see this, for the finite can never measure the Infinite! Wonders of infinite interest and delight and problems of deepest power are on every side, and I daily rejoice at my freedom from earth life, and the fulness that I find surrounding me on all sides. The vast difference in the higher and better conditions of our life, merely by the removal from the falsities of earth life into the truth and wisdom of the spirit spheres, is most incalculable!"

SPIRIT DRAWINGS.

There hang in the Editor's room at Duke-street a series of spirit-pictures which originally belonged to the late Benjamin Coleman, collected by him during a quarter of a century. These possess a high historic value in connection with Spiritualism. Any member of the Alliance or subscriber to "LIGHT" is welcome to inspect them.

They are described in Vol. II. of the "Spiritual Magazine," which will be found in our library at 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C. They purport to be executed by spirit-power without human agency, through the mediumship of Mrs. E. J. French, of New York, in the year 1861. Mr. Coleman asserts that some of these drawings were executed in eight, eleven, twelve, and fifteen seconds respectively. Some are elaborately coloured. The cardboard on which they were done was carefully examined, and the coloured drawings were wet when taken up. The attestations are given by Mr. Coleman himself, Judge Edmonds, Dr. Robert T. Hallock, Dr. John F. Gray, Mr. J. Gurney, S. B. Brittan, Professor Lyman, and many other persons, ladies and gentlemen of unquestioned probity and position. Any description of these remarkable productions would be beyond our space. The curious must be referred to the "Spiritual Magazine" as a guide to the drawings.

FREEDOM.

What is the sign of Freedom or the token
Whereby true self is free?

How shall the bondage of the soul be broken
For immortality?

But by reversing our perverse behaviour
(Flesh ruling spirit man)

By crucifying self as did the Saviour,
Which deed all ages scan!

There is no sadder slave begirt with irons,
Blood sprent with lash and thong

Than he, who his God-given soul environs
With death by sin and wrong.

KATE BURTON.

LATENT SPIRITUALISM IN GREAT MEN.

In pursuance of the inquiry as to what we may call the latent Spiritualism of eminent men—our last was President Lincoln—we avail ourselves, with all due acknowledgments, of the following pieces of evidence, published in the "Religio-Philosophical Journal," of the Spiritualism of Julian Hawthorne, the celebrated author, and Seymour Kirkup, the well-known painter:—

WAS HAWTHORNE A SPIRITUALIST?

By M. L. H.

From the "Religio-Philosophical Journal."

A book has been written to prove that Lincoln was a Spiritualist. I have never doubted that, in one sense, he was. A vast majority of people are to a limited degree Spiritualists. They believe in a spiritual world. They believe that spirits, or the souls of the dead, dwell there. Many believe that these spirits sometimes appear to mortals. I have a dear friend who says he never gets into a tight place and is in trouble but he sees the apparition of his departed wife standing near, and then he knows just what to do, and that all will be well. She does not tell him what to do, but the right thing comes to him like a flash, or as if by revelation. I know a Congregational clergyman who told me he could not remember the time when he did not feel the presence of his departed mother on all occasions when he needed her help. She was as much a mother, indeed more so, than when alive in the flesh. These people are not counted as Spiritualists, but they are. And Hawthorne was one at least in this same way. In his early life he was of a gloomy temperament, and underrated his own abilities. A Mr. Pike, of Salem, where he lived, and who was a schoolmate and a friend, knew much of his inner life. He says that when Hawthorne was removed from the Salem Custom House "he was the most wretched man alive, and even contemplated suicide." His friend James Oakes, a Boston salt merchant, offered to assist him with money, but he declined on the ground that he saw no prospect of repaying him, and he could not think of receiving alms. Although everyone who knew him was his friend (he had no enemies), he had a morbid feeling that the whole human race was combined against him. It was this feeling which led him to write so unkindly of some of his associates in the Custom House. Everyone of those whom he wrote unkindly of in "The Scarlet Letter" would have gone out of his way to serve him, and Pike told him so. He said he was sorry, but a power greater than himself had influenced him, and he consoled himself with the reflection that in a very few years at furthest the book and himself would be forgotten. He told Pike that in one of his dark moods his mother appeared to him, stroked his hair, and told him "not to despair, for he would live to have more money than he would know what to do with." He distrusted the vision, thought it hallucination, the result of his own morbid feelings, but the visit was so frequently repeated that at last he became a firm believer in Spiritualism long before the advent of modern Spiritualism.

He was an intimate friend of Franklin Pierce, and the latter as President did much for him, indeed put him on his feet. When Franklin was nominated for President by the Democrats, the spirit of one of Hawthorne's ancestors visited him and told him that "the long lane" had at last turned, and that the last of his life would be "plain sailing." And so it turned out, and he often referred to it in his social chats with Oakes and Pike. Hawthorne told his friend, Mr. Oakes, that in his last interview with Mr. Pierce, before he left for Liverpool to assume the duties of his consulate, Pierce said to him at parting, "Don't be a sheep any longer; stand up in your boots and be a man; John Bull is a good fellow, and will think the more of you if you face him man-fashion." Hawthorne said that he could not keep back the tears that dimmed his eyes as he shook hands with his friend; he had taken from his back the burden of his life, the dread of poverty, and had made him a free man. When his term of office expired, and he returned from Europe, he recalled to Pike his mother's prediction, that "he would live to have more money than he would know what to do with," which was literally fulfilled. He was rich far beyond his wants, and enjoyed all that he possessed.

Pike saw him occasionally after his return from Europe, and found him more reconciled to life. But from the first he regarded life as a burden to be borne; he saw so much evil in the world—not all the consequences of sin, as theologians asserted, and which no human wisdom could overcome—that he often doubted whether the world was governed by a benevolent Power. He felt that if he had the power ascribed to God he would not permit the strong to oppress the weak, would not permit the wicked to bear rule. For himself he was involved in the general ruin of the race, and often sighed to be at rest. Pike said that Pierce made Hawthorne, for he would not make himself; he was too timid and distrustful to take a step in advance, for fear he should stumble; that he required to be pushed forward and kept on the move from behind. Pike says that he was so fastidious in his writings that he probably destroyed more than he published, and that he often polished the life out of some of his best publications.

I do not doubt but if we knew the inner lives of all great men we should find that they had some belief in the presence of a spirit-world guiding and helping them in times of need. If this belief could be taken out of the realm of superstition and placed on its true basis, it would be far more helpful to higher, nobler and fuller living.

KIRKUP, THE PAINTER, A SPIRITUALIST.

Seymour Kirkup was for a while the best-known Englishman living in Florence. He was the friend and associate of Walter Savage Landor and of the Brownings. He was a conscientious student of art, and his paintings were highly valued for their wonderful delicacy. Well known to-day is Kirkup in all art circles for his discovery of the now famous youthful portrait of the poet Dante, for which he received some titled distinction from the Government of Italy. He was devoted to literature, and in the latter part of his life he studied carefully the phenomena of Spiritualism and became, in consequence, convinced of the reality of spirit manifestations.

In the "Atlantic Monthly" for December is an article contributed by William Sharp on "Joseph Severn and His Correspondents," Severn, whose name is familiar to all admirers of Keats, the poet, had among his friends and correspondents, Kirkup, whom he first met at the interment of Shelley's ashes, in the cemetery of Monte Testaccio, in Rome. Among the letters selected from the unpublished correspondence of Severn, Mr. Sharp gives four from Kirkup, which are of especial interest to Spiritualists, and a few extracts from them are here reproduced for the readers of this journal.

In 1861 Kirkup wrote: "You talk a New Jerusalem of art and speak of breathing in company of its immortal spirits." Now real Spiritualism is a science that requires the greatest exercise of reason. You are afraid of being carried off your feet."

The following is from a letter written by Kirkup in 1863: "I found an old letter of yours of forty years ago. The handwriting is the same as now and so are the thoughts. Strange it is, for your whole carcass has been renewed thirteen times in that period. I look on that as a greater sign of the immortality of the soul than all the nonsense of an old Jewish book of forgeries and falsifications. But I have more positive proofs than either. You should see the life of my friend Daniel Home, just published. Books are no proof, for they lie as much as living men; but I know that a part of that book is true. If you had the means of knowing the truth that Home has, I make no doubt you would see, hear, and feel with joy that your poor wife is often with you. A satisfaction of that sort I have often had, and it continues."

Again, "I don't know any person alive who can even remember either of my grandfathers, and they were remarkable men. One was the first Latin scholar in England, and the other had a museum of art and antiquities—all dispersed and gone, like dust. But we never really die; twenty minutes of insensibility in a trance is all. We wake and find our selves in the midst of our dearest old friends. The bad man avoids them from an instinct of shame, and seeks his equals, by whom he is persecuted until he is saved by good spirits. We are all sons of God, even the worst assassins. We are not responsible for our constitution or our education, and there are no eternal pitch-forks, brimstone, or hell, or any such successful rival to God as Monseigneur le Diable. This

rests on better authority than any book. It is curious that Moses, in all his books, never says one word about the future state. Of what use is religion without it?"

This is an extract from a letter written in 1861. "I wanted to recommend to you, my friend, Daniel Home, but I was sure if he wanted protection he would find it in you who have done so much good to your countrymen and others, and I foresaw he would need it to defend himself against the Jesuits and priests, who are, of course, omnipotent in Rome; and so it turned out, and I saw from the newspapers that you had done all you could for him. I can answer for his being neither an impostor nor a sorcerer (which is absurd) and I have found him a man of honour, by his actions, not by words of his or hearsay of others; and I know him to be very generous though poor, and good-hearted. All which is in his favour, and so likewise are the phenomena that spontaneously accompany him, and of which I have had sufficient experience in my own house, watched and guarded with the most suspicious incredulity, which is stronger with me than with most people as perhaps you may remember, for I was always so. My own proofs of our existence after death are entirely independent of Home and began before I knew him or the works of Judge Edmonds, which confirmed them, and they settled my creed, very far from a canonical one, either Roman or Calvinistic, which *entre nous* are about equally blasphemous and Jewish. . . . After I proved the truth of Spiritualism, which I scouted for a long time, I was induced to follow up my experiments in hopes of some day seeing something worthy to paint. I longed for a good vision, and do still, but I am not enough of a medium. I have only seen, heard, and felt enough to be sure of the existence of spirits. Neither books nor men were enough for me, and I sought witnesses of my own experience and would not rely on my own impressions alone, which might have been effects of imagination, waking dreams! But when half a dozen were present they could not all be dreaming of the same thing. A lady wrote to me the other day that Home had been raised in the air a hundred times since he came to London and had been seen by a thousand people. Basta! You have doubtless heard enough about it and I have seen enough in my own house. . . . I have been long an admirer of Dante, but I think Shakespeare a greater poet. Dante has been much with me in this room. His poem is not true, and Beatrice was not a Portinari, as it has proved. The Pope has forbid the title of 'La Divina Commedia' . . . Tasso was in favour of good spirits like Socrates."

In 1868 Kirkup concluded a letter thus: "I am now living with a little daughter. She is now fourteen. Her maid is an ex-nun—very good and glad to be free. They are both mediums, the former ever since she was two years old."

How many more there are, eminent in the different departments of thought and action, whose unpublished correspondence, if it could appear, would prove them to be strong believers in Spiritualism.

CHRISTMAS GHOSTS.

The waits are out, the bells clang from the steeple;
Sad, sleepless eyes watch through the night forlorn.
Why come ye, oh! my dead beloved people,
Whose love made bright the place where I was born,
With eyes still smiling, steadfast, and serene,
As though no gulf of years lay dark between?

More ghosts! I see the coloured tapers twinkle,
The Christmas-tree leaps from the shrouding dark:
I see the dolls—the spotted dogs which wrinkle
In tiny hands to semblance of a bark,
The sweet, bright eyes—the arms that clasp me tight.
Why do these vanish back into the night?

The dead look on me from Heaven's shining portal.
They are so near—the living range afar,
Grown dully, dimly, desperately mortal,
Earth's marsh-mists wrap the places where they are.
Come back, loved voices of an earlier time,
And wake old echoes in the New Year's chime!

—MARY L. HANKIN.

It is curious to find in Iceland a repetition of a world-wide recipe. The natives tell one that there is a stone of such wondrous power that the possessor of it can walk invisible, can, at a wish, provide himself with as much stock and corn brandy as he may desire, can raise the dead, cure disease, and break bolts and bars.—SABINE BARINGould's "Iceland."

CATALOGUE OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE LIBRARY.

We have received this catalogue and find it excellently compiled and printed. It is, as near as possible, up to date. It is our intention to print each month a list of books added. All useless matter has been turned out of the library, and the books now contained in it are worth the attention of our readers.

A VOLUME OF VERSE.*

Mrs. Ashton Bingham sends us a little volume of poems, handsomely got up. The verse is, with some exceptions which we need not note, refined in style, though sometimes halting in metre. The writer includes some verse for recitation, which leads us to the idea, perhaps erroneous, that she has an eye to a metre that may be effective in public recitation. At any rate, she fancies the long lilting verse that is so much adapted for that purpose. Not always, however; her verses to the memory of the Rev. Henry White, late chaplain of the Savoy, are of a different character—and not so good. The "Spiritualist's Christmas Carol" is of another order, prose and verse combined. It is, as we are bound to say the book is, of varied merit.

"A BUDDHIST DAILY TEXT-BOOK."

This is a compilation on the familiar principle of a text for every day in the year. It is surprising how many there are that might have come out of our own Bible:—

With pure thoughts and fulness of love, I will do to others
what I do for myself.

He came to remove the sorrows of all living things.

There is no sweet companion like pure charity.

Evil he overcame by righteousness.

As men sow thus shall they reap.

To give help to the impoverished, the orphan, and the aged.

A proud heart leads to a vicious life.

We might multiply such extracts from every page. The compiler gives an interesting account of the books that he has laid under contribution; and Sir Edwin Arnold writes a sympathetic preface.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Heredity and Re-incarnation.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "H. S. Green," seems very much puzzled as to how "divergencies of individual character are to be explained without bringing in the cumbrous theory of Re-incarnation." To my mind the divergencies are just what one might expect if heredity be the cause; but if Re-incarnation be the cause, then the effects are totally inadequate; if the personalities of the present age are the re-incarnations of egos who have been incarnated a vast number of times, it seems to me they ought to have advanced to a position very much superior to anything they now occupy. Think of an ego like Plato or Aristotle re-incarnating in our age; such an ego starting with its vantage ground ought to be enjoying a personality immensely superior to any of our greatest men, otherwise the effect would not be adequate to the cause. Re-incarnationists have, indeed, supplied a cause, but if the progress of evolution is due to such a cause, then its results are poor indeed. Perhaps one reason why your correspondent fails to see a *causa efficiens* in heredity is because heredity is regarded only from a physical point of view; if it were only such I would agree with him. He says, "Either the divergencies of character and the genius are the mere accidents of *physical*" (*italics are mine*) "heredity, or they are innate in the soul before ever it is born." But the hereditary effects in a child are due to the sum total of causes which have converged their results upon it up to the hour of birth, which results as the child grows in conjunction with its environment become causes which affect its character and qualities. Now what a man inherits is not merely from his *physical* antecedents, but also from his *spiritual* antecedents. I think the psychical facts with which Spiritualists are familiar, if they prove anything, prove that the physical world is not isolated from, but inextricably

*"Autumn Leaf Poems," By Mrs. Ashton Bingham. (Edinburgh.)

interlinked with, what for a better name I call the spiritual world. Heredity, therefore, cannot be said to be merely physical, but it must be equally, if not more so, spiritual. The question, of course, as yet is *sub judice*, but who knows how great a part spiritual beings, as well as the earthly parents, have to play in the sublime causation which results in the entry of a human being into the material world? Until we know more about the spiritual counterpart of our physical environment, we are conversant only with a part, and perhaps a small part of what a child really inherits. At any rate, I see no necessity to fly to the arms of such a far-fetched theory, so cumbersome and so dismal withal, as Re-incarnation.

OPTIMUS.

A CURIOUS DREAM.

SIR.—A friend of mine, Mr. W—, has just related to me a curious dream he has had within the week, which may interest the readers of "LIGHT."

Mr. W— and his wife have been staying for a few days with a friend, Mr. C—, at R—. One evening at dinner the conversation turned on old times and old acquaintances, and Mr. W— asked his host if he knew what had become of L—, of whom he himself had lost sight for some years past. Mr. C— replied that when he had last heard of L— he was well, and living at S— (two or three hours' journey from R—), upon which Mr. W—, on a sudden impulse, said he should go to S— next morning to look up their old friend, returning the same evening.

That night Mr. W— dreamed that he saw L— standing by his bedside, as distinctly as he had ever seen him, and that L— said to him: "Do not go to S—, I have gone away; I am dead." The dream was very vivid, and Mr. W— put his hand out to grasp his friend's—an act observed by his wife, who happened to be awake.

Next morning at breakfast Mr. W— related his dream, and said that he was sufficiently impressed by it not to go to S— as arranged, until he had obtained further news of L—. This he bethought himself he could probably gain by telegraphing to the London club to which both he and L— belonged. He telegraphed accordingly for "the latest intelligence of Mr. L—." The reply swiftly came: "Mr. L— was buried last Wednesday." M.B.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

- "Catalogue of the Library of the London Spiritualist Alliance." Brought up to date.
- "Autumn Leaf Poems." MRS. ASHTON BINGHAM. (Edinburgh: Colston and Co.) 104 pp.
- "Royal Sport," being No. 2 of the Humanitarian League's Publications. Price 2d. (W. Reeves, 185, Fleet-street.)
- "The Broad Churchman." A Catechism of Christian Pantheism. (Published for the author by Swan Sonnenschein,) 180 pp., paper covers.
- "The Imitation of Buddha." Quotations from Buddhist Literature for each day in the year. Compiled by ERNEST M. BOWDEN: with preface by SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. (Published by Methuen and Co.)
- Also "The Review of Reviews," "The New Review," "The Arena," "Harper's Christmas Number," "The Phrenological Journal," "Printer's Ink" (New York), and many others.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- G.H.D.—We have no knowledge which would warrant us in answering your question with any authority.
- J. SHARPE, M.D.—If we were well enough we would make a paragraph from your letter, but it is impossible to prepare it for the press by reason of return of severe illness, nor to print it in its present state. We must beg our correspondents to spare us as much trouble as possible, to write clearly and concisely, and to say what they wish, so that it can be printed without unnecessary trouble. This is really important, if they wish their letters to appear.
- M.B. writes in reference to our account of the buried and exhumed Fakir: "I was reminded of a very long ago letter from an up-country station in Madras to my mother. My brother witnessed officially one of these strange burials: and his men—white, not native soldiers—mounted guard at the burial place for thirty days. Then my brother was present at the exhumation and reinterment, which took place exactly as described in the 'LIGHT' article." The name of the officer is given, but we do not use it, not having permission.

SOCIETY WORK.

[Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible, and by appending their signatures to their communications. Intention to these requirements often compels us to reject their communications. No notice received later than the first post on Tuesday is sure of admission.]

THE SPIRITUALISTS' CORRESPONDING SOCIETY.—Announcements given to inquirers, copies of "LIGHT," leaflets on Spiritualism, and list of English and foreign members sent on receipt of stamp. Address, J. Allen, 14, Berkley-terrace, White Row, Lane, Manor Park, Essex, or W. C. Robson, 104, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The following meetings will be held at the Manor Park branch at above address: Sunday 11.30 a.m., reception for students and inquirers; at 7 p.m., service of song and séance. Thursday, at 11.30 a.m., for inquirers. Friday, at 8 p.m., for Spiritualists only. "The Study of Mediumship." Also at 1, Windfred-road, Tuesday, at 8.15 p.m., experimental séance.

THE ATHENÆUM HALL, 73, TOTTENHAM COURT-ROAD.—Mr. A. F. Tindall, A.T.C.L., announces an entertainment at the above hall, on Tuesday, January 5th, 1892, at 8 p.m., in aid of the Sunday lectures. The first part of the programme will consist of Mr. J. Maltby's unique exhibition with the oxy-hydrogen lantern, entitled "The Life of Gordon." The second part will consist of songs, recitations, &c. Reserve seats, 2s.; second seats, 1s.; admission, 6d. Tickets to be obtained of Mr. Tindall, 4, Portland-terrace, Regent's Park; Mr. Rodger, 107, Caledonian-road; Mr. Smyth, 123, Lancaster-road, Bayswater; Mr. Ward, 59, Trinity-square, Brompton; Mr. Bendelow, 18, Mortimer-street.

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUAL HALL, 86, HIGH-STREET, MARYLEBONE, W.—The Rev. Dr. Young gave an admirable discourse on "The Babe in the Manger," on Sunday last. Next Sunday, at 5 p.m., tea and quarterly meeting, admission 6d. each. Thursday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Pettit. Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell.—C. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

PENKHAM SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 33, HIGH-STREET.—Mrs. J. M. Smith, of Leeds, delivered a very able address on Sunday upon "Crowns of Glory." The clairvoyance which followed was very satisfactory, several descriptions being readily recognised. Sunday next, service at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Thursday, January 7th, social evening, free, no comments at 6.30 p.m.; Spiritualists cordially invited. Friday, at 8 p.m., healing by Mr. Duggen.—JNO. THRO. AUDY.

FOREST HILL, 23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. C. Spring was to have been with us but disappointed us. After singing a hymn our chairman offered an invocation and then gave a reading from the Christmas number of the "Review of Reviews." A very interesting discussion followed. Sunday, January 3rd, at 7 p.m., the Rev. Dr. F. R. Young. Friday, January 8th, séance, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Spring.—H. W. BRUNNER, Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—On Sunday evening last, Mr. A. L. Ward spoke on "What Spiritualism Teaches," followed by some remarks from Messrs. Perry, W. J. Miller, and Long. The half-yearly general meeting of the Society for the election of officers, &c., will be held on Sunday evening, January 10th, after the service, when all members are requested to attend. Mr. W. E. Long will speak on "Spiritualism in 1891," on Sunday next, at 7 p.m.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec.

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUAL HALL, 86, HIGH-STREET, MARYLEBONE, W.—A very interesting meeting was held at the above hall on December 21st, in connection with our opening services. Dr. Gale, M.A., &c., ably presided and made some appropriate remarks, observing that, although in his investigations into Spiritualism he had at times met with cases of trickery, he had been privileged to witness phenomena taking place which only the spiritual theory could possibly cover. Messrs. Worley and Veitch very kindly gave two excellent addresses, and Messrs. Drake, Rodger, and others also assisted by some pertinent remarks.—C. I. H.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION, ATHENÆUM HALL, 73, TOTTENHAM COURT-ROAD.—A second series of twelve Sunday evening lectures will be commenced on January 10th, 1892, the chair to be taken each evening at 7 prompt. The following lectures have already been arranged: January 10th, Mr. T. Shorter, "Spiritualism Defended against Theosophy." Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald in the chair. January 17th, Mr. Arthur Lovell, "Curative Mesmerism." January 24th, Rev. F. Rowland Young, "Our Duty to our Opponents." January 31st, Mr. A. F. Tindall, A.T.C.L., "Jesus Christ and His Religion by Spirit-Light." February 7th, "Exposition of Spiritualism—Evidences." Mr. F. W. Read; "Objections Answered." Mr. A. F. Tindall, A.T.C.L.; "Spirit Life." Mr. A. L. Ward. "Relation to Religion," Mr. T. Emms. Course tickets, 3s. six lectures, 2s. 6d.; three ditto, 1s. 3d.; one ditto, 6d. A large number of free seats at all the meetings.—A. F. TINDALL, Hon. Sec., 4, Portland-place, N.W.